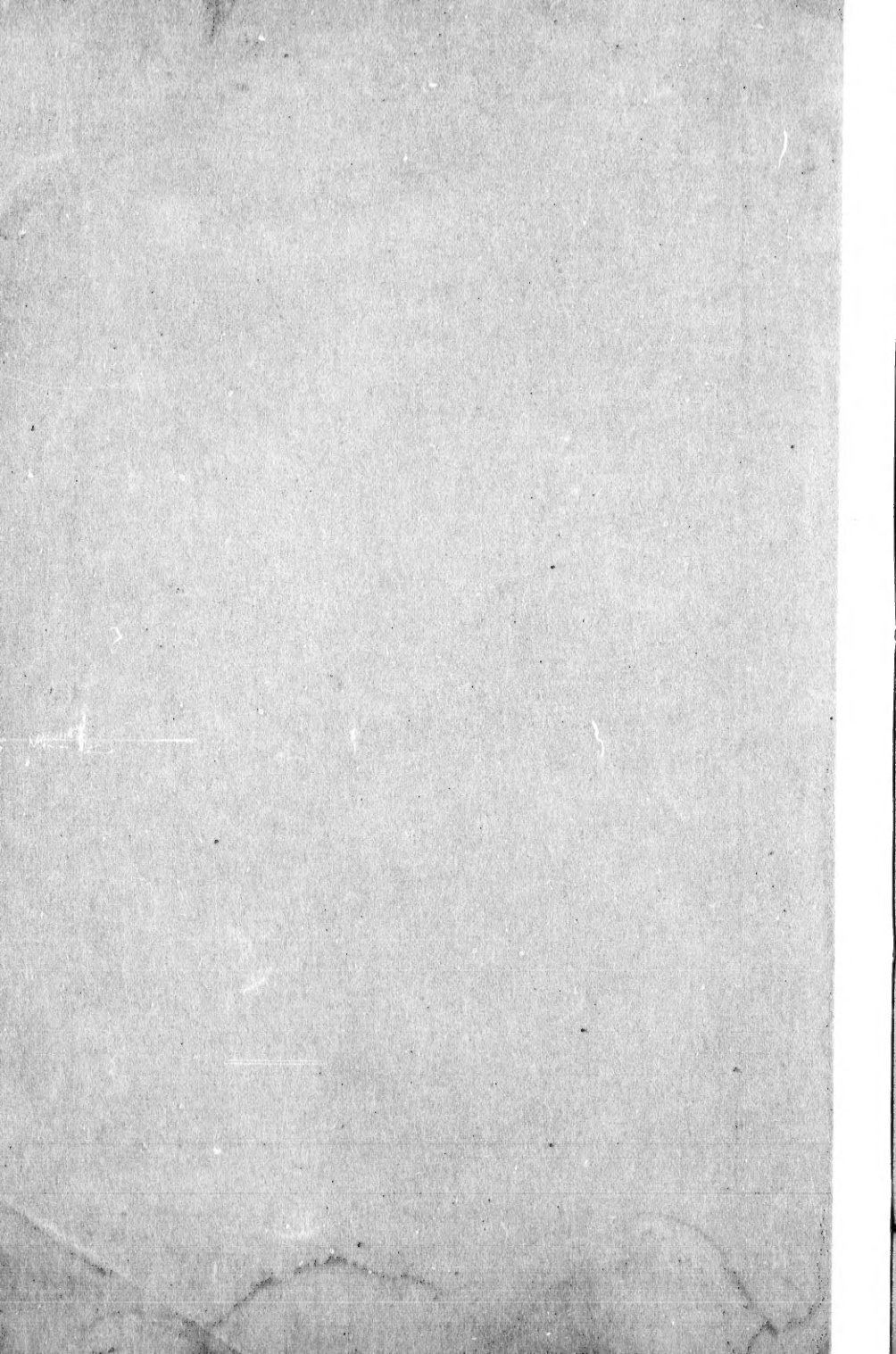

Commemorative

OF

CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM.



AN
ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN THE
FIRST CHURCH, SALEM,
AT THE
FUNERAL SERVICES

OF
CHARLES W. UPHAM,

JUNE 18, 1875,

BY
GEORGE E. ELLIS,

AND THE
SERMON

PREACHED ON THE SUCCEEDING SABBATH,

BY THE PASTOR,
JAMES T. HEWES.

PUBLISHED BY THE FAMILY.

SALEM:
PRINTED AT THE SALEM GAZETTE OFFICE.
1875.

Henry J. Morgan, Esq.

Ottawa,

Dominion of Canada.

(With regards of
Wm P. Upham)

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ADDRESS.

In the midst of all the excitements and observances of our local centennial celebration, we are drawn, by the call of a fond respect and a deep affection, to these funeral rites. The sanctuary representing the first place for united worship of the earliest company of English exiles to the Bay of Massachusetts, has within its walls, for the last time, the form of him, who, in the line of its honored ministers, served for a score of years in its pulpit and at its altar. And when inability of voice and health compelled him then to change the method of his public service, he found in faithful official trusts, municipal, state and national, and in labors of eminent value with his pen, the tasks which occupied and improved his full round of years.

There is no shock of contrast, no incongruous relation, but, rather, a strange fitness and harmony, between the national events which we have been commemorating, and these more private obsequies. For the friend whose funeral rites are engaging us took his place in life, in

profession, character, and forms of high service,—as scholar, divine, magistrate, statesman, historian, and biographer,—with the best and foremost of those whose memories and achievements have been in our thoughts. So far as a single individual can, in himself, gather about him, personally, the same elements which give interest to a country, its history, its great events, its divines, scholars, merchants and patriots, the tie of harmony is found here. Our honored and revered friend was even more a citizen of this country, because of the almost accidental fact that he was not born in it, but came after his boyhood, in a bordering British Province, back to his paternal home, here to live and die. For more than one-half of the nation's century, his career, activity, associations and employments, have engaged him with the men and events which make up the nation's records.

How completely did he identify the labors and the delights of his life with this grand old historic town of Salem. Thoroughly versed in its history: attached to all its interesting and instructive associations with the elder days: skilled in tracing out its leading influence in the development of the infant colony—as the home of many of its early Governors, and of some of its ablest men and noblest women, the centre once

of a world-wide commerce through its merchant princes and seamen, the nursery of eminent patriots, statesmen and lawyers—he fed his mind upon its records, and then he loved to rewrite them, accurately, vividly, and with lucid comments, that children's children might know their fathers by their toils and their virtues. How fitly, too, did he take his place in the line of succession with that series of remarkable men, who have been, for two and a half centuries, the Pastors of the First Church of the Massachusetts Colony. It seemed to me that, either in assuming their office, in acceding to their duties and responsibilities, or in making a study, with such charming rehearsals, of their characters and services as developed by the spirit and exigencies of their respective times, he had assimilated to himself the strong points, the antagonisms and the attractions of the Christian virtues, as exhibited in them. To those who know anything to the purpose of knowledge about our local history, what themes of romantic and instructive interest come up with the mention of the names of two of the earliest of those Pastors, Roger Williams and Hugh Peters, and of the contemporary Governors, Winthrop, Endicott, Sir Henry Vane, and Bradstreet. And then the two Higginsons,—father and son,—examples of the

sweetest piety and of the most gracious virtues in their calling. And Barnard, too, in the crisis when patriotism required fidelity of spirit and the influence of a well-appreciated dignity and authority for the preaching and the prayers of anxious and troubled times. And then the calmly wise sage, with whom Mr. Upham began his ministry as a colleague,—one of the very first among us to carry his devout studies into the ways of God in the philosophy of nature,—the venerable Dr. John Prince. It was something to wait for in one's dying hour, something to look for in the unfoldings of the new life that leads up from mortality, to join in the fellowship of such who had gone before, to report to them the later harvestings from their own labors.

Having devoted twenty years of the vigor and enthusiasm of his manhood to the Christian ministry, on the basis and with the conditions attached to it as he entered upon life, of course the whole subsequent direction of his studies and interests was turned into a more or less professional channel. The ministry when he chose it, especially in the fellowship and community in which he was to exercise it, was then the most honored and envied of professions. Its expected service and work were of the highest order, requiring of all who would labor and be esteemed in it, sound

scholarship, varied culture, graces of person, address and character, and thorough consistency of life. He met fully all those exactions. His needed task-work and routine of duty were congenial with his taste, and gratified his pure ambition. In his own pulpit and in those of his brethren, he was an instructive and impressive teacher, dispensing the fruits of matured study in didactic Christian lessons, toned with devout and reverent sanctions for faith and piety. He kept in regard the balanced and harmonized claims of intelligent, speculative inquiry, and of the recognized limitations of the intellect when dealing with things deep, august, and mysterious. His theological publications were maturely wrought from the best mines of learning then opened, and have still a substantial value.

The traditionary standard of duty and privilege for the ministry as he took his place in the ranks, allowed, and indeed required, that one who was able and earnest in that professional work for the church, should at his will or necessity transfer his service to what we call the State,—to civil responsibilities of office in the magistracy, the convention, the assembly, the senate, or even the nation's forum. No man that fails in fidelity in any one form of high service, is apt to be fit for much success in any other. But a good,

strong, and earnest man, if impeded by infirmity in his first preferred vocation, may transfer all that trained and distinguished him there to other methods of truth and righteousness, and do a manifold work of usefulness. Massachusetts did not initiate its ministers for an inviolate isolation as priests. It is congenital and inherent in the vitality and the traditionary pattern of this blessed old State, or Commonwealth, that those who are fitted to be its religious guides, should, by force of the genius, talent, patience, and fidelity of that calling, be fitted also for secular counsel, for magistracy, for authority in educational interests, for patriotic influence, and for setting on record the histories and biographies which rescue from the tooth of time the men and events whose survival and rehearsal make so much of the living impulse of our own right aims and deeds. So it has always been with us here, and when it is otherwise, our religious teachers will lose a large measure of their influence, and our noblest secular interests will degenerate into mere material and temporary objects.

Having left his pulpit because he had lost his voice, Mr. Upham had still thirty years of life of congenial work, and all of it useful for others. With what varied and fruitful industry, and to what permanent results Mr. Upham wrought in

all public affairs, and in choice labors of the pen, as overseer of your schools, as your chief magistrate, as the State Senator of your district, as your Representative in the National Congress, as editor, historian and biographer,—this is not the place nor the time for the full rehearsal. He loved most historical studies, and in them his excellence was the greatest. For them he had the aptitudes alike the most essential and the most rare,—a spirit of thoroughness in research and the authentication of facts; impartiality of spirit; the constructive power of imagination in recreating, reclothing and identifying the past, and that calm, though kindled tone of narrative, with judicious comment and illustration, the fruitage of years of wide reading and rigid mental discipline. His retrospective studies constructed the biographies of worthies who had lived in the vanished centuries. He gave the charm of a reverential, patriotic rehearsal,—illustrated by private and official virtue of the rugged fibre,—to the memorial of his father's classmate, in old age his own parishioner, Timothy Pickering; and the tender tribute of his fond companionship, to such as the high-minded statesman, King, the ingenious and enterprising merchant, Peabody, and the venerated and honored judge, White.

There is but one survivor now, and he in the retirement and repose of a most fruitful and honored life of like tenor with Mr. Upham's,—venerated and beloved in the scholar's home at Cambridge,—but one survivor of that group of kindred spirits in the profession of their youthful choice to which our friend belonged,—Sparks, Gilman, Everett, Palfrey. He followed in the line of his early scriptural studies the standard and the guides recognized when he began them. Through his life he found no better; a Bible authenticated with a divine warrant; an illumination helpful beyond reasoning; a sacred Teacher, sinless and loving, the only one on earth who, when he knelt in prayer, needed not to ask forgiveness of men or of God, the guide and saviour of our race; lessons, which, when truly opened to the intelligence of men, and reverently obeyed, would supplement and extend all the revealings of nature about the mysteries of life and death. When criticism and speculation, doubting, affirming and denying, led on with venturesome confidence beyond these bounds, he ceased to follow. It was as when a river pilot, used to navigate by guides and landmarks, trees, hills, and the smoke from the chimneys of human homes, finds himself on the open seas, with fog-banks and ice-bergs, without soundings or aspects, swept by currents,

and having no port but foundering, the companion of the albatross and of homeless birds who can sleep on the billows. If it comes to that, he thought, as others do, that instead of teaching others, a man's full and vexing task is to try to learn for himself.

But in view of the last act and scene of life, as we gather about the remains of one whose earthly course is closed, it is not intellectual nor professional ability nor service that tones our feelings or our thoughts about the departed. It is the impress of character, the mien and spirit, the purpose and tenor, the impress and quality of the life, which, for long years, in private and in public, at home and among associates and contemporaries, has been maturing the judgment, silent or spoken, concerning him, and lettering the memorial of him whether on the stone or on the heart. I can speak here, among his fellow-citizens, only as a friend, as a younger associate in professional relations with him, and as one who, by the interchange of letters and the reading of his charming works, had every way love and respect for him. Of late years, as I have spent the weeks of summer near by, it has been one of my richest resources of improvement and pleasure, to visit him in his calm retirement, waiting for life's decline. The elaborate biography

of Col. Pickering, so rich in its presentment of a career of singular nobleness, and so instructive in its delineation of the war epoch and the cradle days of our nation, was the work alike of the years of his failing bodily strength, and the ripening of his mental and moral powers. And with what a serene spirit, with what a patient consciousness of its process, with what a trustful belief that while it was change it was not extinguishment of being, did he note the decays of nature, and nestle in the solaces of his home. He sat surrounded by his loved books on their shelves, and knew that there was something as unexhausted and enduring in himself as in them. His pleasant retrospects transfigured themselves into cheering prospects.

And now, as for the last time, from this his pulpit, I look upon the contents of this casket, I see the refined beauty of his lineaments and features, as yet in their unwasted nobleness of dignity. The forehead and brow still show the measure and compass of the mind once tenanting and serving it. The kindly greeting of his open eye, and the gentle sweetness of his voice, and the chastened moderation of his speech on themes of high import—these are now to be memories with you and with me.

SERMON.

2 TIMOTHY, IV, 6, 7.

FOR I AM NOW READY TO BE OFFERED, AND THE TIME OF MY DEPARTURE IS AT HAND. I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE, I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH.

These are among the last words that the Apostle Paul ever wrote. On this account, as well as on account of their intrinsic significance, they are generally regarded as constituting one of his most memorable and impressive utterances.

Call to mind the circumstances under which they were written. Picture to yourselves an old man, worn and broken with thirty years of labor and anxiety in the cause of his master. Older in the number and weight of his cares than of his years, exiled from the land of his birth by the wide waste of sea, as well as the unjust rigors of the law, he is waiting, a prisoner, to be tried for his life before the great court of Cæsar, at Rome. He knows the cruel and fickle character of Nero, and he knows, therefore, that there is little chance for him.

But none of these things move him. He has long ago learned to bear suffering with fortitude, and he can now look death in the face without fear. He not only looks forward to his probable fate without fear, but with a state of mind, which, while not actually courting death, regards it with the calm and resigned attitude of a man who had given himself up utterly into God's hands, to let him do with him as seemed best to Infinite wisdom.

And if you will read the whole chapter from which the text is taken, you will notice as you enter into the spirit of it, how his language seems to quiver with suppressed emotion, and his tone rises into a strain of pathos and sublimity that carries you completely along, and charges you with the reflection of his own feeling. There is something in this picture that is so out of the common order of human experience, something so remarkable and impressive, that we are compelled to stop and inquire what it was that made Paul so calm and strong and resigned in the presence of death. We shall not have to search far for an answer. It is found in his own frank and exultant confession: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

In this three-fold utterance is condensed the history of a life. Let us look at these expressions a few moments, and ascertain how much they meant and how much they implied in the experience of the great and saintly man who spoke them.

"I have fought a good fight." Paul's life from the time when he espoused the cause of the despised Galilean, up to the hour when he was carried a prisoner to Rome, had been a constant warfare with the errors and prejudices of his contemporaries. His remarkable persistency and courage, his brilliant gifts of mind, and his decided and uncompromising attitude toward Judaism, made him a prominent mark against which his enemies hurled their loudest threats and anathemas. But he stood up valiantly and persistently against them all, because he believed he had been especially chosen to be the custodian and defender of a gospel, which, however unwelcome, was the revealed message of heaven. To turn back or to cease to go forward in the course on which he had entered, seemed like disloyalty to the divine call. Even the thought itself looked like treachery. He could not be disobedient unto the heavenly vision; he had enlisted as a soldier of Christ, and he must carry on the warfare so long as life and strength were given him. Truly

could he say, as he approached the end of his Christian warfare, "I have fought a good fight." None among the heroes and valiant reformers of the world ever said it with more meaning and truth. How few even among the great men of history ever gained such splendid victory over themselves; how few ever succeeded so completely in routing the prejudices and errors of their time.

2d. "I have finished my course." Paul does not mean that he had done all the work that needed to be done in his day and generation. No man who ever lived was great enough to accomplish that. God has divided the work of educating and improving society among an innumerable army of prophets and apostles. To one he allots the arduous and toilsome duty of pioneering; to another, the no less responsible and important work of laying the foundation; to a third, the building of the superstructure. Some are John the Baptists, some Messiahs, some apostles and teachers,—and all, if need be, must be martyrs in the grand and providential work of building up the ever-increasing kingdom of God, and rearing the magnificent temple of the New Jerusalem. The work assigned to Paul was that of a skilful master-builder, constructing upon the foundation already laid by one greater than



himself. He was not called, nor did he expect to complete the temple. If he could be the instrument of setting up and finishing a single layer in the walls of the rising edifice, he would accomplish all that was expected of him. And this is what he did accomplish: he went about preaching the gospel to men who had never heard of Christ; he dotted the benighted surface of Paganism with Christian churches; he carried the glad tidings of salvation to rude and ignorant communities; he made the name and life and resurrection of Jesus a familiar and touching story to men and women who had ceased to have a faith, ceased to look upward to the glory that should be revealed, and who had therefore lost hope and courage in the dark and trying journey of life. This was Paul's allotted work. Calmly, patiently, unweariedly, did he prosecute it. Amid obstacles that would have daunted an ordinary man, under discouragements and hindrances that would have been formidable enough to quench the ardor of any but the most determined spirit, the valiant apostle continued to prosecute the missionary work with which he had been specially entrusted.

3. "I have kept the faith." This expression refers not to any particular dogma, but was simply a phrase in familiar use among the early

Christians to indicate one's allegiance to Christ. It was not an uncommon occurrence in Paul's time for persons who had professed the Christian name, to fall back into their old habits of thought and life. Sometimes it happened that some who still professed to believe in Christ, and called themselves Christians, relapsed into their former state of immoral living. Of such it was said that they had not kept the faith. They had backslidden from the moral teaching and standard of the gospel.

Now Paul had been perfectly loyal, both to the spirit and teachings of his master. One desire was uppermost in his mind, and that was, to see the religion of Jesus established as a strong and guiding power in the hearts of men. And so he had felt called not only to preach but to live the gospel. This is the true way for Christians to keep the faith: to endeavor, so far as they can under the limitations of human weakness, to stamp the image of Christ upon the character, to construct out of the four gospels that are written, a fifth gospel, to be written on the fleshly tablets of the heart, and to shine out in the living lineaments of the character. How many of those who love and revere the name of Jesus, can look into their own hearts, unroll the record of their lives, probe the springs of their conduct, and

then say in sincerity and truth, "I have kept the faith?" It requires a ripe and advanced Christian experience to be able to say that with meaning.

It will be a source of unspeakable satisfaction to us as we approach the goal of our lives, if we can look back over the weary road and say: I have turned neither to the right hand nor the left. I have followed the straight and narrow path of duty. I have been faithful to the gifts and opportunities that were placed at my disposal. There is nothing else that is so rewarding and so grateful to a conscientious man, as the sense of duty courageously and cheerfully performed.

It is a source of grateful consolation, when those we honor and love are taken from us, if we can look back over their past career, and, making due allowance for human frailty, can say, as we close their eyes: They have fought a good fight; they have finished their course; they have kept the faith.

This consolation is ours to possess and enjoy to-day. The sense of the loss we have sustained in the death of the friend, fellow citizen, and former pastor of this church, is softened by the reflection that the language which the apostle uses with reference to himself, can be applied to him with fuller meaning than to ordinary men.

Endowed by nature with uncommon talents, he improved them by uncommon patience and industry. Permitted by a beneficent Providence to enjoy a lengthened span of healthy and vigorous life, such as falls to the lot of but few, he filled all the years with faithful service for God and man. An acknowledged leader and counsellor of men, he shrunk from no responsibility, and turned a deaf ear to no call, when he saw an opportunity to advance the interests of truth and righteousness. Honored and beloved by his people, during the twenty years of his pastorate, calling out from them an admiring regard that is not common, certainly not in the degree in which it was manifested toward him; courteous, attentive, and thoughtful even in the minutest things pertaining to his pastoral relation, he won the hearts of his people, and has left in the minds of the limited and constantly diminishing number of those who constituted the sheep and lambs of his flock, an unfeigned sense of sorrow and bereavement; while to those whose acquaintance with him was independent of the pastoral relation, or confined to the subsequent and later years of his life, his departure is the sad separation from a true and beloved friend, a genial and instructive companion, and a respected and useful fellow-citizen.

But I must not dwell upon the sense of loss which we have sustained in the death of our friend. The truest consolation in bereavement is the remembrance of the pure and lasting influence which the departed leave behind them. There is one thing of which death cannot deprive us. It is the garnered and bequeathed wealth of character. As the sun, sunk below the western horizon, reflects his rays in a subdued and mellow radiance that we can admire and study in every part, so does a true man's life, after he is gone, manifest itself in reflected lineaments and shades, that stand out more prominently than before, and can be more adequately appreciated and portrayed. I shall not attempt on this occasion to do what others have already so fittingly and thoroughly done, and shall pass by the outward facts and events, in order to call attention to one or two traits of his character that have made the most marked impression on me in my intercourse with him.

1. Our friend combined in a remarkable degree great decision and firmness of character, with a rare share of charity and generosity of judgment. Knowing how strong his own opinions were, and knowing how liable he was to be biassed by them in his judgments of others, he seemed to take scrupulous pains to weigh the

words and enter into the feelings of those with whom he differed. As a result of this careful balancing of the scales, he attained to that rare habit with men of as strong feelings as his own, of judging not according to the appearance, but of judging righteous judgment.

His conversations and his published writings showed him to be a just man, capable of reading the human heart, and of penetrating to the guiding motives of men. He could make allowance, therefore, for human frailty, and was always ready with generous excuse for those who had fallen short of the desired mark.

Entertaining decided opinions upon theological questions, and having in his early ministry entered warmly into the religious controversies of the day, he had the kindest and most generous feelings towards his opponents. He has often expressed to me the sentiment, that, important as opinions are, in the attainment of social and religious progress, they are not paramount and do not constitute the man; that Christian manliness and practical godliness were the two things to be supremely honored and desired. Pleasant as it was to agree with, it was not unpleasant to differ from him, for you felt that your view of the case would receive conscientious hearing, and that full justice would be done you in his own mind.

And the same liberality of judgment which he manifested toward men, he showed toward those religious sects from which he differed. A decided Unitarian to the last, he was yet of opinion that the time had come for sects to lay aside their weapons of controversy, and unite upon the common ground of practical Christianity, under the banner and leadership of Christ. This sentiment, often expressed, made the more impression on me when I remembered how valiantly he had broken the lance in his younger days with foemen worthy of his steel, and how eagerly he had leaped to the defence of what he regarded the True Faith. It showed what age and reflection will do, even for the most ardent and impetuous natures, in softening the spirit of controversy, and leading men to set the highest value upon things that are of supreme importance. Would that the time had indeed come for such a consummation as he indicated and desired. Would that the day had arrived when the sects of Christendom should no longer sharpen their weapons against one another, but join in one great army to fight the warfare against the common enemy of God and man.

2. Another quality with which he was strongly endowed by nature, and which his favorite studies had constantly nurtured and increased,

was his love and loyalty to what was old and venerable. He loved old people, old houses, old books, and old associations. Need I add that he loved old Salem, and this ancient and historic church, with an ardor and intensity only second to that with which he regarded his own living kindred and friends. Few men were so thoroughly conversant with the local history of this neighborhood, and none had the power of investing it with greater charm of romantic and instructive incident. It was delightful to sit and listen, while he portrayed with a dramatic and fervid eloquence of well-chosen words, the scenes and characters of a bygone age. So life-like and pictorial were his delineations of historic scenes, that the past was photographed upon the mind of his hearers, and became fresh and living annals to be treasured among the richest possessions of memory.

Nor was this exclusively an intellectual gift. It was intimately allied to the native qualities of his heart and character. Men are eloquent only when they talk concerning things they love and venerate. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, in a way to interest and move men.

He loved old things not because they were old, but because he understood their value, and

wished to gather them up for the benefit of the present and future generations. It is a mark of an advanced state of civilization to venerate and treasure the deeds and sayings of our ancestors, and he is a true benefactor to his kind who diligently and carefully collects the annals of forgotten days and puts them into a form that shall awaken general and popular interest.

I must pass by many eminent and admirable traits in the character of our friend, to speak in closing of one that impressed all who came in contact with him. I do not know how I can so well designate it as to employ the same language which he employed nearly fifty years ago, in describing an eminent friend who had just departed: "He was distinguished for the native simplicity of his heart and manners." "He would listen with respect and confidence to all, however humble, or however young, who might be thrown into his company. In his manners and in his feelings he carried the great Christian doctrine that we are all of one blood, brethren of the same family, children of the same parent, heirs of an equal inheritance, into the most perfect development."

This language which he used to describe the character of that eminent soldier and statesman whose fuller and complete portraiture he spent the last years of his life in perfecting, may be as properly applied to himself.

There was about him an urbanity and grace that won old and young; there was a mellow radiance in his smile that warmed those who met him, and made them feel happier because they had met him; a cordiality in the grasp of his hand, an unction in his voice, an indescribable something that made you feel that he was glad to see you and welcome you to his home and his heart. Whether we think of it as the ripe product of culture, or the spontaneous blossoming of a rich and social nature, and it was probably a union of both, it was a rare and beautiful quality, which, now that he is gone, enshrines his memory with a halo of light, and preserves his image to our inward thought.

Such was our friend, and such the outline of some of the attractive and striking traits of his character. Though we shall see his face no more, we shall all cherish his memory among the precious treasures of our lives. Though his spirit is ascended, he has left behind the immeasurable influence of his life and work. That cannot die. It will continue to live in this church and community so long as the children shall continue to abide and worship here, and so long as men continue to be grateful for the labors and accumulated wisdom of their fathers. His toil is done, but his work remains. His warfare is

over, but the victories are ours. All that he accomplished is ours to possess, to imitate and to improve for the welfare of the coming generation.

Let us faithfully improve the legacies of good men: let us gather up the treasures of their wisdom, and imitate the purity of their example: then, when our work on earth is done, we may be able to say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

SELECTIONS OF SCRIPTURE,

Read at the Funeral of Charles W. Upham.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.

And when the chief shepherd shall appear, they shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?

All ye that are about him bemoan him; and all ye that know his name, say, How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!

For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Spirit and of faith.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and He delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!

The righteous cry and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

He redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.



Hear my prayer, O, Lord, and let my cry come unto Thee.

Hide not Thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble.

From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower for my soul in its affliction.

Let thy merciful kindness be for our comfort, and lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

The memory of the just is blessed.

I have seen the good man in power, and my heart was glad within me.

When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him;

Because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

He put on righteousness, and it clothed him; his judgment was as a robe and a diadem.

He was eyes to the blind, and feet was he to the lame.

He was a father to the poor; and the cause which he knew not he searched out.

Unto him men gave ear and waited, and kept silence at his counsel.

After his words they spake not again, and his speech dropped upon them.

And they waited for him as for the rain; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain.

He chose out their way, and sat chief and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners.

But if a man die, shall he live again?

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others who have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

APPENDIX.

Mr. Upham died Tuesday Morning, June 15th, 1875; the funeral took place on Friday, the 18th, and the following notices of it appeared in the Salem Register and Salem Gazette of the succeeding week :

[From the Salem Register of June 21.]

The Funeral of our lamented fellow citizen, CHARLES W. UPHAM, took place on Friday, at noon. The services were held in the First Church, over which he had formerly been the beloved pastor for a score of years, and were attended by the relatives and friends, the Mayor and city authorities, several Ex-Mayors, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Josiah Quincy, of his College Class, and a goodly number of acquaintances and fellow citizens desirous of paying the last tribute of their respect to one so highly esteemed. A chaste mourning drapery was hung in front of the pulpit, the casket containing the body being placed on a bier beneath, and a superb floral cross, wreath, and other choice floral emblems, were appropriately disposed. The services were very simple and solemn. After a dirge by the organist, the choir chanted "Hear Thy children cry to Thee," the musical exercises throughout being very judiciously and beautifully rendered. Rev. E. S. Atwood, of the South Church, then offered a very fervent and impressive invocation; Rev. J. T. Hewes, the pastor, read appropriate selections from the Scriptures; Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, of Boston, paid a most admirable tribute to the life and character of the deceased, the justness, comprehensiveness, and finish of which, gave great satisfaction to the entire audience; and Rev. Mr. Hewes offered

the prayer for the family and friends. Rev. Dr. Ellis then read, and the choir sang, the following verses from Montgomery's hymn :—

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

The Benediction was then pronounced by the pastor, and the assembly slowly dispersed, the funeral cortege proceeding to Harmony Grove Cemetery, where the remains were deposited in Mr. Upham's family tomb.

[From the Salem Gazette of June 22.]

The funeral services over the remains of Mr. UPHAM, at the First Church, on Friday last, were very solemn and impressive. The opening prayer, by Rev. Mr. Atwood, devoutly mingled the sorrow which for the present is grievous with the Christian anticipations of a blessed life to come, in which sorrow and grief shall be no more known. The selections from Scripture, read by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hewes, were most happily chosen. The memorial address, by Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis,—an early friend in the ministry, and associate in literary pursuits and intercourse,—was an admirable delineation, touching from its direct simplicity and warm and affectionate spirit of cordial appreciation. The music, under the direction of Mr. Agge, was exactly what the occasion required. The attendance was large, from every class in our own community,—for Mr. Upham's kindly regard, in life, knew no distinction between high and low,—and included gentlemen of the greatest eminence, from different parts of the State. On Sunday, at the First Church, a very appropriate and impressive funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Hewes, pastor of the church, at the conclusion of which the Rev. Dr. Fred-

erick A. Farley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., came forward from among the congregation, and made some eloquent remarks, after which he read in a most touching manner Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful hymn :—

How blessed the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently sinks the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,—
 A calm which life nor death destroys :
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell :
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies !"

At a meeting of the City Council of Salem, held on Monday evening, July 12th, 1875, the following Resolutions were passed :—

Resolved, That the members of the City Council deeply deplore the death of the Hon. CHARLES W. UPHAM, Chief Magistrate of this city during the year 1852, who was alike honored and distinguished in all the various relations of life, both public and private, to which he was called.

Resolved, That the members of the City Council tender their heartfelt sympathy to the family of the deceased, under the severe dispensation of an overruling Providence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

At the meeting of the Essex Institute, June 21st, 1875, President Wheatland in the Chair, General H. K. Oliver offered the following Resolutions :—

“WHEREAS, it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of events, to remove by death our honored and venerated associate and fellow citizen, CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM, long connected with the Essex Institute, and for a half century identified with this community in many relations,

Resolved, That the members of the Institute, deeply feeling the irreparable loss it has sustained, enrol his name, with unfeigned grief, among the most eminent of its past associates.

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of so valued a member of our Society, and so justly esteemed as a citizen, our sorrow is tempered as we look back upon a life so true to all the purposes of life, and read the record of the varied virtues and singular excellencies, which characterized the whole career of our departed associate.

Resolved, That in his career as a faithful and earnest minister of the Gospel, in his zealous labors as a citizen for the best interests of our community, as a patriotic official in State and Nation, as a successful laborer in the fields of literature, biography, and history, he has fully won for himself the highest reputation, and conferred increased distinction upon our ancient municipality.

Resolved, That as we review the long and inspiring catalogue of the great and good men, who, from the earliest days, have adorned and illustrated our historic city, our just pride receives a new impulse in adding to the honored roll, the name of one so fully entitled to receive reverent admiration and honor among the most highly honored and revered.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be entered on the records of the Society, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.”

Appropriate remarks were made by Gen. H. K. Oliver, Rev. E. C. Bolles, Rev. E. S. Atwood, Charles H. Higbee, Abner C. Goodell, and Dr. H. Wheatland, and the resolutions were unanimously adopted.